



## BOOKS

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS  
WITH NEWS AND VIEWS OF AUTHORS



### San Francisco to Shanghai

THE PACIFIC TRIANGLE. By Sydney Greenbie. The Century Company.

Reviewed by  
**GEORGE S. CHAPPELL**  
(Dr. Walter E. Traprock).

IF it were allowable in a review to preach from a text I would say of Sydney Greenbie's book, "And he spoke unto them as a man among men!"

Out of the maudlin welter of South Sea feminism "The Pacific Triangle" cuts a sharp and masculine outline. It stands like a rock against the Cytherean background of sentimental misinterpretation to which we have become accustomed and from which, I trust, we have begun to turn. But Greenbie's is a rock draped and softened with an investiture of tropic charm, rich with the color chords of the varying races, which blend and harmonize even as difficult musical modulations are made to seem easy and natural under the hands of a master.

Least the foregoing seem pompous and presumptuous, let me hasten to add that I am as far from claiming that Greenbie is a "master" as I am from supposing that he thinks he is. By virtue of its subject matter and method of treatment the book is not one adapted to the grand manner or literary gesture. Yet there is beauty and simplicity in its directness and good writing, too, in pleasant proportion to its informative discussion.

What a rare quality lies in the much abused word "temperament," which usually connotes a supersensitiveness to fascinating, vital, but often superficial or at least exterior phases of human existence. And yet, may not "temperament" be deeper and be more truly vital? To be concrete, if one were asked which were the more temperamental, Byron or Wordsworth? Swinburne or Browning? there is little doubt as to the average answer. Yet I think it would be erroneous. There is a hotter fire in the depths of the volcano than that which spouts from its crater.

All this by way of comment upon the self-contained but ardent personality of the author of "The Pacific Triangle" as it appears between the lines, a manifestation which to me becomes increasingly important in the hasty bites of literature snatched by one who reads as he runs.

A man among men! The text sticks in my mind. This is virile stuff of Greenbie's, forthright, honest, devoid of conscious superiority and graced by human sympathy. That the author knows his subject, that he writes out of years of study, that his data is first hand, these are matters beside the mark. The important thing is the use to which he puts his knowledge, the deductions at which he arrives. To me they seem eminently just.

Mr. Greenbie flings a wide net and catches far distant points in his triangular cast. San Francisco, Honolulu, Melbourne, Manila, Hongkong and Tokio—how remote they seem, and yet how closely bound by the thread of interests which we have lately seen unraveling themselves in Washington! Indeed, as I have read some of the reports of results reached and problems

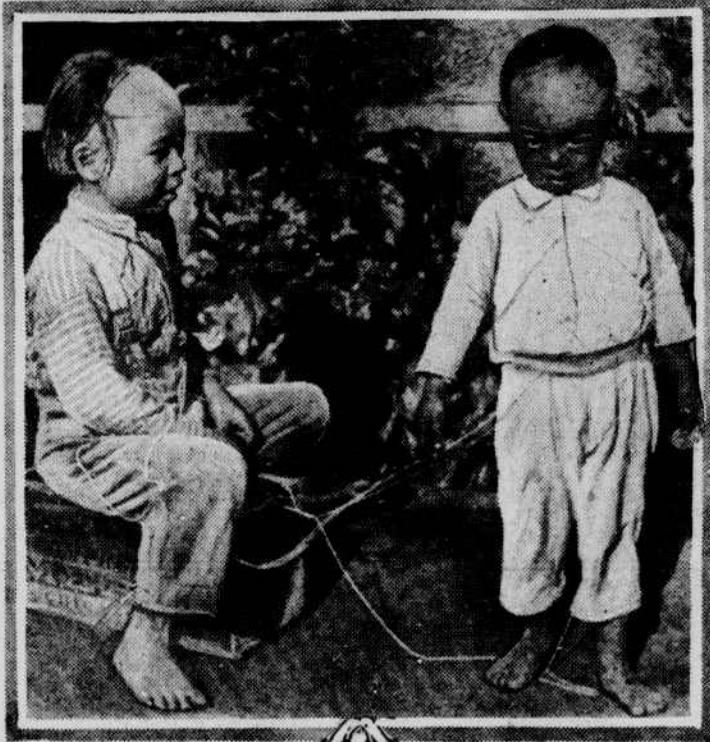
### "Dr. Traprock" on a South Sea Book That Even He Must Take Seriously

solved in the great conference now in progress I have caught myself saying time and again—"They are quoting Greenbie!" Yet all this was written months ago, when he was, as he says, but "a voice, crying in the wilderness."

In a compact, readable volume we are given a sweeping view of the Pacific problems which daily cast their shadows further into our national consciousness. At the core of the author's method lies a logical, mathematical or geometric attitude which finds expression not only in his title but in the tidy subdivision of his text into three books which, to abridge his own designations, may be called the descriptive, the social and the political angles of the triangle. Diagrammatically, too, the triangular fig-

hood steeped us all in drooping feebleness. Climate gets us all, ultimately. We forgot one another beneath the heavy weight of nothingness which hangs over that equatorial world. Sleep within my cabin was impossible, so I had the steward bring me a mattress out on deck. At midnight a heavy wind turned the air suddenly so cold that I had to secure a blanket. The wind howling round the mast and the flapping of the canvas sounded like a tragedy without human agency. The night was pitch black and the blackness was intensified by intermittent streaks of lightning. But there was no rain."

Here is no sentimentalism, no straining for effect, and yet it is the whole story of tropic climate with



"Whoa! Let's have our picture taken. We don't know whether we're Hawaiian, Chinese or American, but who cares? Giddap!"—From "The Pacific Triangle."

ure holds good with its base spanning the western ocean from San Francisco to Shanghai and its apex pointing southward with New Zealand at the tip. It is a strong framework, a sturdy truss, mechanically sound, upon which to build a book. At any rate I will not attempt to better its construction, but will rather hold to it, glad to have its support for my discursive remarks.

Cruising with the author on the first leg, the historical and descriptive section of his book, I was constantly arrested by passages of imaginative beauty. For instance, just out of San Francisco—we are crossing the Pacific: "The ship pressed steadily on, coldly indifferent, fearless and emotionless. We were nearing the equator, and the days in its neighbor-

hood something of the portent of Conrad, of the drama of Browning's murky night "At the Villa."

"Earth turned in her sleep with pain, Sultrily suspirated for proof: In at heaven and out again, Lightning! where it broke the roof, Bloodlike, some few drops of rain."

Quotation in reviewing is too tempting and too easy. Constantly, as we work our way along the sides of the geometric figure, we are shown the contrasting, blending folk of Polynesia and the Orient, as they are to-day and as they were in the dim past when,

from the cradle of races, they first pushed their prows into these mysterious seas. Racial differences are clearly defined, points of contact and similarity clearly expressed, the gay, happy Hawaiian, the gentle Polynesian, touching and admirable in his dignity—"sublimated" Greenbie calls them and strikes out their life in a single phrase "In Fiji, every one moves adagio," the "sentimental" Samoan—again his own adjective—the New Zealander, the Australian, the Oriental, and ourselves. It is a fascinating voyage. There is a passage, too long for quotation, which is a fine short story, the description of a nocturnal visit to the red, heaving pit of Kilauea.

Constantly I was struck by imaginative, verbal flames. "Two big ships, brilliantly lighted, flinging their manes of smoke to the winds. . . Little towns 'digging their heels into the flanks of the mountains' to keep from sliding into the valley below."

And the honesty of the man! He goes to Valima, reverently a pilgrim to the grave of Stevenson, whom he has worshiped. The day is overpoweringly hot and at his journey's end his one emotion is a longing to lie down in the shade and go to sleep! How easily, in writing of it, he might have pretended exultation!

In the social section (Book Two) we revisit the lands of which we have seen the externals, where we have danced and sung and feasted and flirted, to know more closely the varying peoples, their ways of thinking, their racial origins, ideals and ambitions. To one who has traveled the first leg of the triangle this revisitation brings a vivid sense of return home. It is a splendid literary method. One says with gladness, "Hello! here we are back in Samoa!" and we mentally hurry ashore to look up old friends and learn how the world fares with them. Here, too, we feel a big quality in Greenbie's book, its seriousness and purpose, for in this second analysis of the situation there is a wider grouping of individuals and a more special and definite consideration of their racial problems.

This attitude, of sympathy without sentimentalism, humanitarianism without vague idealism, is carried logically into the final discussion of the political future of the races involved, in which, among other things, the relations of Western civilization and Japan are discussed with a prescience and sureness remarkably borne out by the conference to which reference has been already made.

I have been guilty at times of poking fun at the insincerity and mawkishness of some of our South Sea literature. "The Pacific Triangle" transcends this field no less in its geographic limits than in its animating spirit of conscientious, vivid and inspiring workmanship. It is a book to buy, to read, to keep and to reread.

Through its pages breathes a personality which seems to say that the American traveler has at last developed beyond the tourist type, that he has at last attained to something of the stature and solidity of the man of world affairs whom we have hitherto associated more particularly with the traveled Englishman, a highly desirable and necessary type for America to produce in these days of moral expansion when it behooves us to learn our world lessons from our own compatriots rather than from the lips of others. So it is that Sydney Greenbie speaks to us, a man to his fellow men.

### D. H. Lawrence the Traveler

#### Novelist Finds Essential Difference Between Sicilians and Sardinians

SEA AND SARDINIA. By D. H. Lawrence. Illustrated in color by Jan Juta, with a map of Sardinia by the author. Thomas Seltzer.

THERE are two views of D. H. Lawrence, the novelist. He is not careful to spare the feelings of those who favor propriety in the treatment of sex. But there could scarcely be any question as to his high rank as a writing traveler. He sees and he feels, and he knows how to make words repeat color and sound and emotion in the reader.

Jan Juta, the illustrator of this

ordinary costume; tight bodiced, voluminous skirts of hand woven linen or thickish cotton. The prettiest is of dark blue and red, stripes and lines intermingled, so made that the dark blue gathers round the waist into one color, the myriad pleats hiding all the rest. But when she walks, the full petticoated peasant woman, the red goes flash, flash, flash, like a bird showing its colors. Pretty that looks in the somber street. She has a plain, light bodice with a peak; sometimes a little vest, and great full white sleeves, and usually a handkerchief or shawl loose knotted. It is charming the way they walk, with

them is merely playing a trick on himself and his interlocutor. The Sardinian, on the other hand, still seems to have one downright mind. I bump up against a downright, smack out belief in Socialism, for example. The Sicilian is much too old in our culture to swallow Socialism whole; much too ancient and ruse not to be sophisticated about any and every belief. He'll go off like a squib; and then he'll smolder acridly and skeptically even against his own fire. One sympathizes with him in retrospect. But in daily life it is unbearable."

And here is a bit of recent history, an echo of the Flame affair:

"D'Annunzio has just given up. Two compartments away; we hear soldiers singing, martial stuff though bruised with fatigue, the D'Annunzio bragging songs of Flame. They are soldiers of the D'Annunzio legion. And one of them, I hear the sick soldier saying, is very hot and republican still. Private soldiers are not allowed, with their reduced tickets, to travel on the express trains. But these legionaries are not penniless; they have paid the excess and come along. For the moment they are sent to their homes. And with heads dropping with fatigue we hear them still defiantly singing down the carriage for D'Annunzio."

"A regular officer went along—a captain of the Italian, not the Flame army. He heard the chants and entered the carriage. The legionaries were quiet, but they lounged and ignored the entry of the officer. 'On your feet!' he yelled, Italian fashion. The vehemence did it. Reluctantly as may be they stood up in the compartment. 'Salute!' And though it was bitter, up went their hands in the salute while he stood and watched them. And then, very superb, he sauntered away again. They sat down glowering. Of course they were beaten. Didn't they know it? The men in our carriage smiled curiously: in slow and futile mockery of both parties."

It was said at the beginning of this review that Lawrence, the novelist, and Lawrence, the traveler, were different men. No doubt that is largely a matter of theme and medium. Admirers of the novelist will find him in the report of a marionette show, which closes thus:

"However, this fray is over—Merlin comes to advise for the next move. And are we ready? We are ready. Andiamo! Again the word is yelled out, and they set off. At first one is still engaged watching the figures; their brilliance, their blank, martial stare, their sudden, angular, gestures. There is something extremely suggestive in them. How much better they fit the old legend tales than living people would do. Nay, if we are going to have human beings on the stage they should be masked and disguised. For, in fact, drama is enacted by symbolic creatures formed out of human consciousness: puppets if you like; but not human individuals. Our stage is all wrong, so boring in its personality."

"Gradually, however, I found that my eyes were of minor importance. Gradually it was the voice that gained hold of the blood. It is a strong, rather husky, male voice that acts direct on the blood, not on the mind. Again the old male Adam began to stir at the roots of my soul. Again the old, first hand indifference, the rich, untamed male blood rocked down my veins. What does one care? What does one care for precept and mental dictation? Is there not the massive, brilliant, outflashing recklessness in the male soul, summed up in the sudden word: Andiamo! Andiamo. Let us go on. Andiamo—let us go hell knows where, but let us go on. The splendid recklessness and passion that knows no precept and no school teacher, whose very molten spontaneity is its own guide."



"Nuoro." Illustration for "Sea and Sardinia."

book, wins the approval of the moderns without any distortion of form or discords of color. He indicates the character of a man or of a village with the simplest of means. Note how little difference there is in the eyes of the men in the picture reproduced here. Yet the face of each is absolutely set off from the others by those little wedge shaped marks. The color prints carry out the suggestions in such paragraphs of text as this:

"A fair number of peasants in the streets, and peasant women in rather

quick, short steps. When all is said and done, the most attractive costume for women, in my eye, is the tight little bodice and the many pleated skirt, full and vibrating with movement. It has a charm which modern elegance lacks completely—a birdlike play in movement."

Lawrence does more, however, than attempt to make pictures in words. He gives the humorous aspects at times in a style that recalls Mark Twain:

"Sicilian railways are all single line. Hence, the coincidence. A coincidence is where two trains meet in a loop. You sit in a world of rain and wait until some silly engine with four trucks puffs alongside. Ecco la coincidenza! Then after a brief conversation between the two trains, diretto and merce, express and goods, the tin horn sounds and away we go, happily, toward the next coincidence. Clerks away ahead joyfully chalk up our hours of lateness on the announcement slate. All adds to the adventurous flavor of the journey, dear heart. We come to a station where we find the other diretto, the express from the other direction, awaiting our coincidental arrival. The two trains run alongside one another, like two dogs meeting in the street and snuffing one another. Every official rushes to greet every other official as if they were all David and Jonathan meeting after a crisis. They rush into each other's arms and exchange cigarettes. And the trains can't bear to part. And the station can't bear to part with us. The officials tease themselves and us with the word pronto, meaning ready: Pronto! And again Pronto! And shrill whistles. Anywhere else a train would go off its tormented head. But no! Here only that angel's trumpet of an official little horn will do the business. And get them to blow that horn if you can. They can't bear to part."

Here is the author's analysis of the contrast between Sicilian and Sardinian temperaments as expressed in the talk of the two peoples: "I find it quite easy to understand Sardinian. As a matter of fact, it is more a question of human approach than of sound. Sardinian seems open and manly and downright. Sicilian is glaucous and evasive, as if the Sicilian didn't want to speak straight to you. As a matter of fact, he doesn't. He is an over cultured, sensitive, ancient soul, and he has so many sides to his mind that he hasn't got any definite one mind at all. He's got a dozen minds, and uneasily he's aware of it, and to commit himself to any one of

### Off With the Mask!

JUST who is Dr. Walter E. Traprock, F. R. S. S. E. U.?

Dr. Traprock's burlesque book of South Sea travel, "The Cruise of the Kawa," is quite the "joy book" of the year, as well as a best seller. And now the news has leaked out that the author and the intrepid crew of the Kawa are actually well known New Yorkers who have cooperated in perpetrating this delicious literary hoax.

"Dr. Traprock" really is George S. Chappell, who already is a well known contributor of humorous articles and verse to *Vanity Fair*, *Life* and other periodicals. Mr. Chappell's real profession is architecture, writing for him being an amusing avocation.

Interesting, too, are the personalities of the other members of the Traprock expedition, out of exploring hours. For instance, Capt. Ezra Triplett, the sailing master of the Kawa, is no other than Heywood Brown, well known dramatic and literary critic and author.

Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*, is Herman Swank, the artist of the expedition. Reginald Whinnery, the scientist of the Kawa crew, is Charles Hanson Towne, poet and author.

Kippiputona, Traprock's native bride, so charmingly pictured in the Kawa illustrations, is Margaret Severn, the dancer, and Lupoba-Tilaana is Helen Stover, the singer.

And then there is William Henry Thomas, the foremost hand of the Kawa, pictured in his sailor suit and bare feet, with a wreath of nabiscus blooms about his head. He, it appears,

is George Palmer Putnam, the publisher.

The gorgeous colored jacket of the Kawa was done by Rockwell Kent.



George S. Chappell.

whose own book, "The Wilderness," still holds its place as one of the best combinations of picture and text by one man, as well as one of the best of travel books.

MY LIFE OF SONG. By Madame Tetrazzini. London: Cassell & Co.

WHEN Albert Wolf, a famous Paris journalist, deceased, was a young man he wrote out of his abundant imagination an "autobiography" of Theresa, the mountainous vaudeville singer who for many years made Paris laugh. When he read the pathetic parts to her Theresa broke down and cried, so moved was she by her early struggles and adventures.

As Mary Anderson's autobiography was going through the press a question came up which only she could decide and the publisher cabled her in England about it. Along came her reply: "Don't know, haven't read the book yet."

The account (by herself) of Luisa Tetrazzini's double decade career as a Queen of Song is charming reading for various reasons, among which must rank high her naivete; she is so pleased herself by the recollections of her triumphs, of her cleverness as an impresario (or "a"), by the million pounds her art has earned that she pleases the reader in turn. And as none of these things are possible in an affected or artificial narrative a reference to them is as much as to say that her recollections are put down simply and sincerely.

There isn't a word of love or marriage in the big volume unless it is provided by the mad Argentine youth Amato, who lay in wait for the prima donna with a long knife, pressing it against his heart and threatening to

penetrate that organ with it "unless you kiss me!" Tetrazzini argued that an Italian woman did not kiss a man until she knew him very well, and Amato was a stranger. She managed to win him from the thought of suicide, got him to give her the knife and didn't kiss him.

This anecdote forms a high light in her account of South American adventures and these form more than a fourth of the book. Starting with her wonderful debut in her native town of Florence, Italy, the incredible, which in her case is the true, happened. The book is a document which shows that, supreme as was her gift of song, her cheerful, happy disposition was a great gift too. That debut of hers is unique in prime donnedom, and the story of it ought to be more widely known. A great occasion was prepared for in the opera house in Florence with a new singer cast in "L'Africaine." Luisa and her two sisters and mother were in a box waiting along with a vast audience for the overture to begin. Instead the director, tearing his hair agitatedly, dismissed the audience because the prima donna had failed him and refused to sing.

Luisa, 16 years old, got up on her chair and exclaimed so that the house could hear her: "Don't call off the opera. I know it all and can sing it. Let me have the role!"

From all parts of the theater rose cries of assent.

"Yes, let the little Tetrazzini sing!" Too bad for the sake of the story that the director refused to let the child go on without a rehearsal, but her debut, thus sensationally called for, was put off for a night only. After a rehearsal Luisa Tetrazzini, who had studied indeed in the conservatory but had never appeared on a

stage, went on and sang and acted the difficult role perfectly.

Thus she began at the top. Her voice was naturally placed like a singing bird's, and the preparations for an operatic career, which are to most singers difficult and unending, in her case were brief and child's play. Immediately after this debut she sang in Rome and the next season she accepted a South American engagement.

Tetrazzini's conquest of London is a story as dramatic as her debut. In order to sing in Covent Garden, scene of the triumphs of the singer whom she enthroned as a star—Patti—she accepted a very small fee, and even then Manager Higgins tried to buy her off by a forfeit of £300. But Tetrazzini insisted on fulfilling her engagement. She began it on a Saturday night in foggy November to a languid, sparse house. The opera was "Traviata." Before she had concluded the first act music lovers were sending frantic messages to their friends to hasten, give up every engagement and come to see the dawn of this new musical star. Soon the house filled up, the applause touched delirium and the papers next day echoed the enthusiasm of the happy persons who had heard her. They heralded her as Patti's successor.

When Tetrazzini next sang—a few evenings later—Patti made one of her audiences. Next day the older singer sent for Tetrazzini to take luncheon with her at Carlton House, and a delightful, unselfish friendship began between them.

In the concluding chapter of her book the diva promises to renew her conquest of London and, although she has made a farewell of America, to revisit us later. The cable informs us that she has carried out the first, and in the early part of this new year she expects to be here to sing for us again.

### Tetrazzini Began at the Top

### Map of France For Motorists

John Bartholomew & Son, Ltd., of Edinburgh, have just issued for the Geographic Institute a new contour motor map of France. It is on two sections, one for northern and one for southern France, and has been brought completely up to date, showing the new divisions of Alsace-Lorraine. Railroads are printed in black and motor roads in red, and main, secondary, prohibited and other automobile routes are given, while the orography of the Republic is tinted in various colors, each color showing a different altitude, so that the motorist may know by consulting his map the grade of any road he is traveling. The scale is drawn to sixteen miles to an inch. Altitudes vary from sea level to 13,124 English feet.

The limits of the map are, on the north, Ostend, Antwerp and Cologne; on the south and southwest Plymouth, Santander and Burgos, and on the east and southeast Frankfurt, St. Gallen, Como and Genoa. The map, therefore, shows not only France but portions of adjoining countries. It is dissected and mounted on cloth and folds into a compact waterproof pocket wallet.